



# Carolina Country

formerly **CAROLINA FARMER**

**JUNE, 1971**



# The Poet's Corner- Verses by Our Readers

## The Secret Ingredients

Children and kittens scrambled underfoot  
In Mother's kitchen on a baking morning.  
Yeast loaves rose light as laughter  
On the oil cloth-covered table  
While molasses beans and gingerbread  
Spiced thoughts of Saturday night supper.

Small aproned helpers crimped piecrusts  
And raisin-topped the sugar cookies;  
Smaller ones finger-tested frosting,  
Ate crusty heels dribbling melting butter,  
Scraped batter pans and minded Baby  
Banging a spoon on the old high chair.

Friends were always asking for the secret  
of her 'receets' and the 'rules'  
For her rolls, pies, children and cake . . .  
Smiling, she would say,  
"There really is no secret" and I seldom  
Bother with receets or rules.

Her children grown, remember  
A mother never too busy to hear  
Small confidences and bedtime prayers;  
A selfless mother who happily never  
Skimped the cup of kindness  
Or leveled love's overflowing measure.

Dorothy Webber  
Lake Toxaway

## The Prisoner and the Spoiler

He sits there peeping through the bars,  
A prisoner in his playpen,  
And then his sad expression  
Turns into a happy grin.  
He bounds up to his chubby feet  
And lets out a joyful shout,  
For he sees his grandma coming  
And she's going to bail him out.

Mrs. Edna Sawyer  
Havelock

## I LOVE You, Ma

*(Thanks to REA for making my mother's  
life so much easier. She is Mrs. Gladys  
Askew of Eure. I have written a poem in her  
honor.)*

From infancy to teens, time went so slow.  
Between pimples and dreams,  
I soon began to grow.  
High school, parties, boyfriends and fun,  
It doesn't seem possible—I'm now 21.  
Maturity, marriage, problems and bills,  
Gradually I'm reaching for liniment and pills.  
I passed with no regrets from one phase  
to the other  
For I was patiently guided by a  
wonderful mother  
I'm approaching twilight years  
with a special glow,  
I love you truly, Ma.  
Just want you to know.

Mrs. Robert Grimes  
Chesapeake, Va.

## Blowing Rock

High in the mountains of North Carolina  
Is a place the wind makes an eerie sound  
And gravity loses its pulling power  
Because there it snows upside down.

Some say this is an answer to a prayer  
That an Indian prayed long ago  
When she asked the Master of the Hills  
To return her lover from the depths below.

As I stand here and look into the depths  
And see the different objects rise  
I know that her Master of the Mountains  
Is also Master of the Skies.

He may have lost the battle for his love  
For a reward in the Happy Hunting Ground  
Because high in the Blue Ridge Mountains  
Is the only place it snows upside down.

Henry H. Smith  
Rt. 1, Oakboro

## HEADS EPIC

James S. Melton, a director of  
Jones-Onslow EMC, Jacksonville,  
and vice president of Tarheel  
Electric Membership Association, is  
the new president of EPIC Inc.

Melton was elected by EPIC's  
board of directors at a meeting of  
representatives of electric member-  
ship corporations and ElectriCities  
which organized the non-profit  
corporation to build an operate  
generating and transmission facili-  
ties to serve their systems.

Other new officers are: Simon C.  
Sitterson Jr., mayor of Kinston,  
first vice president; Alton P. Wall,  
manager of Randolph EMC, Ashe-  
boro, second vice president; L.C.  
Williams Jr., director, public utili-  
ties, High Point, secretary, and C.E.  
Viverette, manager of Blue Ridge  
EMC, Lenoir, treasurer.

## Poor Honest Man

Now I'm just as honest as can be  
But seems good times turn their back on me  
I just came from the little country store  
Where they said my credit  
ain't no good no more  
The mortgage man came  
'round much in alarm,  
Said, "Now you know  
you must pay on your farm."  
Now, I've got a wife and a family I must feed  
But when I try to find work  
No one seems to heed.  
From place to place, I traveled all around  
But there's still no work in country or town  
I just want to work  
Don't shirk, drink or cuss,  
Now others get their jobs without no fuss.  
Why can't I draw some pay.  
I don't understand  
But I'm still honest,  
Will work if I can.  
So if work for an honest man you know,  
Please recommend me —  
cause I need the dough.

Mrs. Odell Massey  
Marshal

**SPECIAL  
OFFER!**

Any black and white film  
8 or 12 exposure, developed  
and printed for only

**69<sup>c</sup>**

(plus names of 2 persons owning Cameras)

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

ZIP CODE \_\_\_\_\_



**Colonial studio**

P. O. BOX 3212, CHARLESTON, S. C.  
ESTABLISHED 1910 29407

KODACOLOR: 8 Exp. Roll, enclose \$1.78  
12 Exp. Roll, enclose \$2.25

**SOUTHERN ENGINEERING  
COMPANY OF GEORGIA  
ARCHITECTS-ENGINEERS  
ATLANTA, GEORGIA**



# Carolina Country

Read Monthly in More Than 200,000 Homes.

Vol. 3

No. 6

June, 1971

James A. Chaney  
Editor

Edward Brown, Jr.

Associate Editor  
and  
Advertising Director

Betty Twiggs  
Carolina Homemaker Editor

Official Publication  
Tarheel Electric  
Membership Association  
P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N. C.

J. C. Brown, Jr.  
General Manager

## M.D. (Doctor of Motors)

"You can't get help you can depend on anymore."

The appliance dealer tells you that when you call to report the man he sent to fix your refrigerator muffed the job.

The building contractor says it when a careless would-be carpenter splinters the door he was supposed to hang.

The service manager at the place you bought your car says it when you ask why a minor repair job was so badly botched.

Everybody who employs servicemen and mechanics uses the expression as a stock excuse for the things that nowadays so often go wrong. It has become the lament of our technological age.

We won't solve the problem merely by providing more technical and vocational training. North Carolina's excellent technical institutes and community colleges are already doing that. What is needed is a re-education in social values so that a man who earns his living in a blue collar job won't be considered socially inferior to a man who works in a business suit.

Perhaps, too, we need to show in our lives as adults a better example of industry and ambition for the rising generation.

Whatever the solutions, whatever the reasons, the national shortage of people willing and able to work with their hands is as serious as the much more publicized shortage of space age scientists.

It's a shortage that not only affects our furnaces, plumbing and cars; it also frustrates the practical application of the ideas our scientists and engineers develop.

Neither North Carolina nor the nation lacks the hands to work away the shortage. Even as garage owners seek mechanics and contractors scout for qualified craftsmen, many of America's young people are looking for jobs, and in too many cases they are unqualified for the jobs that need them.

It is prestigious to be a doctor or a nuclear scientist or an attorney or architect. But there must be mechanics and craftsmen, too.

And with wage scales what they are in many trades, a boy who will apply himself as tirelessly as scientists, doctors and other professional men must to succeed can, if he's qualified, earn close to as much with considerably less expense of preparation and considerably more time to call his own.

Jim Chaney

COVER—Rhododendron, one of the most beautiful of North Carolina's flowering shrubs, reaches its color peak in June in Western North Carolina. You can see its blossoms elsewhere in the state, even in some sections east of Raleigh, but the most breath-taking views are found along the Blue Ridge Parkway. This month's cover photo is from "North Carolina, the Goodliest Land," published by the Travel and Promotion Division, State Dept. of Conservation and Development.

### This Month . . .

- 6 LEARNING TO EARN
- 8 A CAMPER'S DREAM
- 0 THE ANIMAL KINGDOM
- 2 THE CAROLINA HOMEMAKER
- 2 HALE!
- 3 TREES—OUR GREAT ALLIES

CAROLINA COUNTRY (formerly THE CAROLINA FARMER) IS PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY TARHEEL ELECTRIC MEMBERSHIP ASSOCIATION, INC. SECOND CLASS POSTAGE PAID AT RICHMOND, VA., 23219. EDITORIAL OFFICES, SUITE 911, BRANCH BANK BUILDING, RALEIGH, N. C. 27602. POSTMASTER, SEND FORM 3579 TO BOX 1699, RALEIGH, N. C. 27602. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, 75 CENTS PER YEAR. ADDRESS ALL MAIL TO: CAROLINA COUNTRY, BOX 1699, RALEIGH, N. C. 27602.





# TARHEEL RURAL LINES

a commentary on events and issues important  
to consumer-owners of EMCs/by J. C. Brown Jr.

## Restrictive Policies Hamstring Cooperatives

It's been clear for months now that the restrictive policies the present Administration and its Office of Management and Budget (formerly the Budget Bureau) are creating a crisis in rural programs. Although Congress has appropriated the money to keep the programs viable, these policies have prevented it from being used as Congress intended.

The rural electrification program has suffered severely as a consequence. As Kermit Overby, director of legislation and communications for the National Rural Electric Cooperative Association, says, "lack of loan funds has put the rural electric co-ops on a starvation diet for capital."

"Our basic problem," he said in a recent statement on the crisis, "is not to get an ambulance to this or that emergency—important as that is—but to save the whole program and rural America along with it from galloping anemia . . .

"Rural electric systems responding to the NRECA annual survey of loan needs revealed totals which will require \$804 million in REA loan appropriations for fiscal year 1972. This requirement is one of a rising trend. It was \$600 million for 1970, \$745 million for 1971 . . .

"The amount grows larger each year because of the need for system improvement and growth increases while the amount for funds made available stays about the same."

And to say that, Overby added, does not give the full picture—because inflation means the REA loan dollar builds less lines and facilities each year.

The lack of adequate loan funds is only one aspect of the crisis. Equally damaging to the program, Overby pointed out is the fact, whether it stems from lack of loan funds or from a policy decision, that the embargo on generation loans has "taken the sap out of rural electric wholesale bargaining."

The importance of G-T loans (generation and transmission loans) cannot be over-emphasized as a bargaining tool in negotiations with the companies from which the electric co-ops buy their wholesale power. G-T loans were a key factor in the REA program from the very beginning. The Act specifically provides for "financing the construction and operation of generating plants."

Yet, as Overby explained, the lack of loan funds and the stated policy of both the Congress and the Administration to shift priority away from generation loans have combined to repeal in effect both the law and the policy. Aside from the other problems this creates for the rural electrification program, it means distribution co-ops like North Carolina's EMCs are more liable to wholesale rate increases because the power companies know co-ops no longer have the alternative of generating and transmitting their own electricity.

Here are other important points Overby made in his analysis:

- "As a stop-gap measure to get around the loan fund shortage, the cash management program is a failure; worse than that it has serious side effects on rural America's development."

- "The uncertainty as to when, or if, co-ops can draw down funds under approved loans is raising havoc with co-op business operating stability."

- "The rationing program that was designed to spread available loan funds has accomplished that purpose. But, meanwhile, the U.S. Treasury has not been effectively helped while the co-ops have been hurt by this stop-gap, hand-to-mouth business."

- "All of us who believe in the rural electrification program and all who want to see rural development carried forward must "spare no effort in laying the facts before those who determine the (national) priorities."

# The Owl and the Pussy-Cat Man's Last Scene

A new theater opened in Raleigh by showing "The Owl and The Pussycat." Except for the title, the movie owed nothing to Edward Lear and few who saw it were likely to have connected even that with the eccentric and once popular exponent of literary nonsense.

Few either were likely to have read the remarkable article, "The Death of Edward Lear," by Donald Barthelme in January 2 issue of "The New Yorker" magazine. And that is unfortunate because Edward Lear was one of the most unusual personalities in English literature. His verses delighted so many of us when we were children, and the New Yorker's article brought back a richness of memories.

"The Owl and The Pussycat" was just one of hundreds of his precious pieces of nonsense. Perhaps you remember some of it:

*The Owl and the Pussycat went to sea  
In a beautiful pea-green boat:  
They took some honey, and plenty of money  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The Owl looked up to the stars above,  
And sang to a small guitar,  
"O lovely Pussy, O Pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful Pussy you are,  
You are,  
You are!  
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"*

Mr. Barthelme reports in "The New Yorker" that Edward Lear died on a Sunday morning in January, 1888. Invitations, sent out well in advance, read:

"Mr. Edward Lear, Nonsense Writer and Landscape Painter, Requests the Honor of Your presence on the Occasion of His Demise, San Remo, The 29th of January, 2:20 a.m. Please reply."

"People prepared to attend the death of Edward Lear," Barthelme wrote, "as they might for a day in the country." As the guests arrived at his Villa, most of them at about midnight, Mr. Lear waited in bed, wearing an old smoking jacket and his familiar silver spectacles.

Mr. Lear's first words were, "I've no money." As each new group of guests entered the room, he repeated, "I've no money. No money!"

He thanked all those present for attending, delivered a little lecture on his writings and then uttered in a kind of shriek: "Should I get married? Get married? Should I marry?"

As the guests watched and waited, he discussed friendships, cats, children, displayed copies of his books and a selection of his watercolors and sang, accompanying himself on a mandolin.

"At two-fifteen," Mr. Barthelme wrote, "Mr. Lear performed a series of actions the meanings of which were obscure to the spectators. At two-twenty, he reached over to the bedside table, picked up an old-fashioned pen . . . and died."

You owe it to yourself to search out a copy of "The New Yorker" containing Mr. Barthelme's account of Edward Lear's final performance. Reading it would give you a new appreciation of the man and his writings, and you will get more than the movie-goers got from "The Owl and The Pussycat" if you will go to your local library and check out copies of the Edward Lear books it has on its shelves.

They're books as remarkable as the man, filled with a kind of humor which endeared him to millions and liberally illustrated with his drawings and pictures. He was in a way as successful as an artist as he was as a writer. Queen Victoria engaged him in 1846 to give her 12 drawing lessons. He left behind many huge paintings as well as watercolors. Along with his classic, "The Complete Nonsense Book," he is remembered with a book of brilliantly colored and carefully detailed pictures of parrots.

People who attended the death of Edward Lear, Mr. Barthelme tells us, came away with many questions: Why had he seen fit to read the same old verses, sing again the familiar songs? Why invitations? What they finally realized, Mr. Barthelme says, is that Mr. Lear had been doing what he had always done: "He had transformed the extraordinary into its opposite. He had, in point of fact, created a gentle, genial misunderstanding."

— Jim Chaney



# It's Easy to Learn If You Want to Earn

*North Carolina's Technical  
Institute - Community College  
System Offers Tar Heels of All  
Ages Opportunities to Improve  
Their Incomes and Helps Place  
Them in Rewarding Jobs.*

By Nancy Duckett

"One hundred per cent of the class had signed up for jobs a couple of months before they completed the course."

"Employers were bidding for these people."

"We could have placed twice the number of graduates in jobs with good starting salaries, if we had had them."

These are a few of the comments made by administrators of occupational education in North Carolina's technical institute-community college system when they were asked if their graduates are able to find suitable employment. The answers concerned auto mechanics, auto body repairmen, sawyers, tool and die makers, machinists, welders, air conditioning and refrigeration servicemen, etc.

It would be safe to say that across the State graduates of these occupation oriented curriculums are well placed in jobs when they successfully complete the curriculum; however, there are the exceptions. And these exceptions are usually the students who haven't applied themselves, students who have had negative attitudes or students who should not have enrolled in a particular curriculum in the first place. And then there are the places where wages and working conditions are not on a par with the rest of the State.

"There's no trouble placing our students as long as we are able to give them a reasonable recommendation," said Matthew Donahue, occupational director at Cape Fear Technical Institute in Wilmington. "By this I

mean the school must be honest with the employers. If we gave a student a good recommendation when he didn't deserve it, then the employer would never call us again," Mr. Donahue said. He implied that misrepresentation would not only be unfair to the employer, but to the student as well.

"An example of how our placement works," Mr. Donahue said, "in one of our auto mechanics classes, all of the students were promised employment before they completed the course. And this is not unusual."

Henry Rahn, occupational director at Sandhills Community College in Moore County, in giving an example of job finding, reports on the college's auto body repair graduates. "All of the students who want jobs get them. With the tremendous demand, placement is no problem," said Mr. Rahn. And he added, "The graduates who don't seek employment either go into military service or they broaden their training by going into an auto mechanics program."

Mr. Rahn says that after a little experience he has known some of the college's auto body repair graduates to make as much as \$12,000 a year. "But this is the exception," he said.

The Automotive Advisory Committee has been so interested in what they are doing at Sandhills that the members have helped provide an automotive scholarship.

Another example of how men and women in these occupation directed programs are sought after is the story of an electronic technician class, also at Cape Fear Tech. Mr. Donahue



Student machinist at Cape Fear Technical Institute.

reports that one company wanted to hire the whole class.

When Dr. Jimmie Babb, dean of vocational programs at Gaston College in Dallas, was asked about "success stories" coming from this college his list was long. For one example he recalls a graduate of the civil engineering technology program who came back to the school after he had set up his own business and offered his former instructor \$15,000 a year to work for him.

In the western part of the State at Haywood Technical Institute in Clyde, they have experienced success in placing graduates, particularly the sawyers, sawfilers and the lumber grader—dry kiln operators. "Jobs are waiting for these men," said William Seibert, occupational director at Haywood Tech. And their salaries are good.

They start out making from \$135 to \$200 a week. "This is not bad for 40 weeks of training," said Mr. Seibert. However, he did admit that the two-hundred-dollar figure for starting is the exception.

There is good reason why there's no problem in finding very acceptable employment for graduates of the sawmill related courses. The veteran workers are retiring, and there is no one to replace them.

An indication of the dilemma facing the sawmill industry was revealed sometime back when Haywood Tech made a survey of 345 mills for the purpose of finding out how much interest there was in the proposed sawmill programs. Of the replies 20 per cent already had gone



out of business because they couldn't get trained men. And many more were on the brink of closing.

As for the sawmill training, Mr. Seibert remarked, "We are teaching men to use equipment quickly and efficiently. We can accomplish in our training what it would take mills several years to do, and it would cost them a lot of money."

Haywood Tech's sawmill operation is outstanding for many reasons, one of which is it is the first comprehensive training program of its kind in the nation. And it is designed to give an economic boost to the Appalachian mountain region, where thousands of sawmills of different sizes are located.

Working hand in hand with the technical institute in implementing the success of the training is the sawmill industry. Without the support of and the advice from the industry the training would not have gotten off the launching pad.

This sort of support is one of the main reasons graduates of technical institute-community college curriculums are meeting with success. To be exact, these curriculums are planned with the counsel of advisory committees.

A publication, "Organization, Function and Operation of Advisory Groups," recently issued by the Department of Community Colleges explains how this cooperative effort is accomplished.

In brief, active cooperation is solicited from the community's manufacturers, engineers, distributors, dealers and service technicians on the one hand, and the community's school administrators on the other.

These handpicked committees assist local technical institutes and community colleges in organizing their curriculums and apprentice programs; advise them on equipment and material procurement; keep the schools up to date with current practices and developments within industry; and act as local program coordinators to help guide the occupational training so as to fit best the current needs of the community.

Before a curriculum is offered, the need for it is thoroughly investigated through surveys and other means of investigation. A careful watch is continued after the program is in



**Mechanic at Roanoke-Chowan Tech**

operation in order to prevent saturation of a particular area of the labor market with workers.

For instance, some years back there was a definite need for operating room assistants in the Wilmington area of the state. In answer, Cape Fear Tech set up a program to train people for this work. Occupational Director Donahue says, "We are not offering the program this year because the need is presently met. If the need is there next year, we will resume the training."

The best way industry can get a close look at future employees and the future employees can see what it's all about in the world of work is through cooperative education.

Holding Technical Institute in Wake County can be proud of its comprehensive co-op program. One of the institute's curriculums that started using this approach to education for the first time this school year is the course in automotive repair, according to Willis Parker, dean of occupational education.

In reporting on the automotive repair co-op program, Mrs. Margaret Smith, Holding Tech director of public relations, says: "The rapid change in the automotive service trades, resulting from technological advances in the automotive field, presents an almost insurmountable problem in keeping the program of instruction current and relative to the needs of the trade. In order to provide a means whereby Holding Tech may bridge the gap between the program of instruction

and the requirements of the job, the cooperative approach is being utilized.

"Using the co-op education plan the students are provided instruction in the technical subject matter, skill development and related studies by Holding Tech, and are given realistic work experiences, including the latest technological applications, by the co-op employer.

"The automotive co-op program provides for a rotating schedule of study and on-the-job work experience in which the student upon completion of the course will have acquired approximately 22 weeks of on-the-job experience related directly to the job requirements he will encounter when he goes full-time into the auto service trades."

The automotive course is not only popular at Holding Tech but is well received at the 50 other technical institutes and community colleges that teach the course. (There are 54 schools in the system.) During the 1969-70 school year more than 2,000 students were enrolled in the course, statewide.

As Ronald Rudolph Everett, occupational director at Martin Technical Institute in Williamston, remarked, "With an ever-increasing number of cars on the road we must produce more auto mechanics."

The old bugaboo that used to surround occupational education and the vocations it represents is fast subsiding. Businessmen, labor leaders, administrators, teachers, parents, students are changing their attitudes toward occupational education as they see well-qualified Ph.D's losing their jobs. And even though jobs requiring a liberal arts education reportedly will grow, it is predicted that still in the 1980's fewer than 20 per cent of our job opportunities will demand a four-year college degree.

Many parents are taking another look at the cost of a liberal arts education and are realizing that their pocketbooks don't match the price tag attached to a university education. Parents and their children are looking more to occupational education that fits into the family budget and can be found in a 25-mile commuting distance of 95 per cent of the people in this state.

(Miss Duckett is editor of "Open Door," published by the N.C. Department of Community Colleges and also public information officer for that agency.)





Little River Camping Resort near Brevard—a typical campground offering facilities for outdoor convenience.

## North Carolina's a Camper's Dream

*With more than 50 public and 230 private campgrounds, North Carolina offers thousands of campsites for the best of camping pleasure from the mountains to the coast. Many of the camping areas are served by electric membership corporations (the EMCs), and you can be sure of finding somewhere in the state exactly the setting you want for your outdoor holiday.*

By Paul Phillips

North Carolina is a quiet stroll down a stretch of isolated beach, sea oats gently swaying in a soft breeze. Or squiggling one's toes in moist sand that has seen the marks of early explorers, settlers, and pirates.

The camper finds it a treasure chest.

North Carolina is the myriad sight of the great sweep of rolling pine-forested countryside known as the Piedmont. This is the knot that ties coast with mountains. Vast lakes for fishing and boating have been formed by huge dams. But secluded streams still abound.

It is a camper's dream.

North Carolina is the beauty of the craggy peaks of Eastern America's highest mountains, so vertical in places that old-timers say you have to "lie

down and look up to see out." It is the awesome thunder of power created by a waterfall, the simplicity of a hand-carved toy, the ever-changing grandeur of nature's seasonal parade.

It is an adventure under the sky for the camper.

Not far from just about every camp site is a historical attraction that will entice the visitor. But perhaps it is the natural resources, the "return to nature," the search for solitude, that act as a magnet for the camper.

Blessed with unusual topography and diversity of travel opportunities, North Carolina cherishes her natural resources as some of her most valued jewels. She guards these possessions with a watchful eye, but is more than happy to share them.

Taking a look at these bountiful gifts of nature it is not hard to see why the Tar Heel State is called "Variety Vacationland."

North Carolina is a camper's kaleidoscope. No other state in the union can brag about having the most visited National Park—the Great Smoky Mountains, the most traveled National Parkway—the Blue Ridge, and the first National Seashore—Cape Hatteras. All have facilities for camping.

In addition, three of the four

National Forests located in North Carolina accommodate campers as do eight of the 17 State Parks.

Altogether, the more than 50 public campgrounds in North Carolina have a combined total of approximately 4,000 campsites.

There are more than 230 private campgrounds in the state with more than 13,000 sites.

The Great Smokey Mountain National Park is 800 square miles of outdoor enjoyment. North Carolina and Tennessee share the Park with the state line zig-zagging through the middle. The main highway through the Park is U.S. 441 which enters near Cherokee.

The Park is a paradise of trees, plants, shrubs, birds and animals. Bird dart through the dense thickets of rhododendron, towering hardwoods and the evergreen forests that crown the higher peaks.

There are 70 miles of secondary roads and over 700 miles of horse and foot trails available. Seventy-one miles of Appalachian Trail wind through the Park. Hiking trails near Clingman's Dome, highest (6,643 feet) peak in the Great Smokies, include the highest portion of the Appalachian Trail between Maine and Georgia.

The Blue Ridge Parkway skims



soars and burrows across Western North Carolina for over 245 miles. North Carolina shares the Parkway with Virginia, but it is in the Tar Heel State that it reaches its highest elevation—near Mount Mitchell, highest (6,684 feet) peak in Eastern America.

Parkway recreation areas and special exhibits are open from May through October. They include campgrounds, picnic areas and interpretive exhibits. There are over 160 scenic overlooks on the Parkway.

The Cape Hatteras National Seashore was the first such National Park Service recreation area in the United States. It comprises some 45-square miles of beach and dunes, extending some 70 miles southward along the famed North Carolina Outer Banks from Whalebone Junction near Nags Head to Ocracoke Inlet.

The area provides some of the best surf fishing in the nation, and offshore, marlin, bluefish, mackerel, amberjack, sailfish and dolphin headline a fishing "hotspot."

Private campgrounds are also operated at many of the colorful fishing villages located within the boundaries of the Seashore.

Cape Lookout National Seashore, North Carolina's second National Seashore, was designated by Congress in 1966. Land acquisition is currently underway. The Seashore will extend 58 miles along the shores and dunes of Portsmouth, Core and Shackleford Banks. Portsmouth lies just across Ocracoke Inlet from the village of Ocracoke. The Seashore is reached only by boat or plane, and there are no roads on the island.

Four National Forests—Nantahala, Pisgah, Uwharrie and Croatan are located in North Carolina. Nearly a million acres of Western North Carolina are in Pisgah and Nantahala forests. Accessible by paved highways, the forests have areas for hiking, camping, boating and fishing. There are also many unique scenic attractions.

There are three Wilderness Areas in the Eastern part of America. Two of them are located in North Carolina. The Linville Gorge Wilderness Area near Linville is one of Eastern America's most scenic and rugged

gorges. The steep walls of the Gorge enclose the Linville River for 12 miles. Primitive camping is permitted, but extraordinary precautions with fire are necessary.

The 7,600-acre tract is a challenge to the most experienced hiker and persons entering the gorge should inform either a National Forest Ranger or Blue Ridge Parkway Ranger of their plans.

Shining Rock Wilderness, located north of Pisgah Ridge, near Waynesville, is a tract of 13,600 acres. Much of the area is accessible by trails and there are numerous springs throughout the area. Primitive camping is permitted and caution with fire is a necessity. Shining Rock Wilderness has many scenic waterfalls.

Croatan National Forest is south of New Bern between the Neuse and White Oak Rivers. There are 152,378 acres extending south along the Newport River almost to Bogue Sound. There is camping, boating, hiking and fishing within this coastal forest.

Uwharrie National Forest is unique in that it is located within the Uwharrie Range, North Carolina's "littlest" mountains. No peak in the Uwharries is more than 1,050 feet high, and most range between 650 and 800 feet above sea level.

The Uwharrie Forest covers some 43,000 acres and includes a Wildlife Management Area which is maintained with the cooperation of the North Carolina Wildlife Resources Commission. Primitive camping and hiking nature studies are available.

The system of State Parks maintained by the State offers an excellent variety for the camper.

The state parks offering camping are: Cliffs of the Neuse near Goldsboro; Lake Norman near Statesville; Hanging Rock, 32 miles north of Winston-Salem; Jones Lake near Elizabethtown; Masonboro near Carolina Beach; Morrow Mountain near Albemarle; Pettigrew near Creswell; and William B. Umstead, between Raleigh and Durham.

All North Carolina State parks are wildlife sanctuaries and offer excellent opportunities to observe wildlife in their natural habitat.

Cliffs of the Neuse is an unusual park in that it possesses a ninety-foot cliff.

Lake Norman has been called North Carolina's "Inland Sea." The topography of the park is typical of the surrounding area and lends itself readily to hiking and nature study.

Hanging Rock has over 300 species of plants typical of the Piedmont and lower mountain ranges. There is also the beauty of streams, waterfalls, and cascades.

Jones Lake is a 224 acre lake which, like several others in the area, is said to have been formed by the impact of meteorites on the earth's surface.

Masonboro, under development, offers opportunities for camping and many forms of water based recreation. The Intracoastal Waterway traverses the area.

Morrow Mountain is located within the Uwharrie Range and offers an excellent opportunity for viewing one of the oldest mountain ranges in America.

Pettigrew State Park is on the shore of 16,660-acre Lake Phelps. It is one of North Carolina's most beautiful natural lakes.

William B. Umstead Park offers a chance to see eastern Piedmont landscape at its best. It is a mixture of forests, rugged topography and picturesque streams.

Mount Mitchell, highest peak east of the Mississippi, is North Carolina's first and oldest peak. It is an excellent study of a Canadian type forest. Only tent camping is available at Mount Mitchell State Park.

The John H. Kerr Dam and Reservoir near Henderson is a 48,900-acre lake which has a shoreline of 800 miles. Seven major areas have been developed by the Kerr Reservoir Development Commission. All developments have been made in accordance with a master development plan prepared by the Commission and approved by the U.S. Corps of Engineers. Camping, picnicking, hiking and boating are available.

It has been said that a camper could spend 14 days in North Carolina, staying at a different campsite each night, and never repeat the same type of site.

That's the type of variety the camper will find in North Carolina. There's a campsite to suite every desire.





By Lodwick Hartley

I built a house in a small forest not because I had a Thoreau-like yearning to live close to nature but rather because lots on the pavement were at least three times more expensive. However, there were specious natural attractions about the location I chose. It was heavily wooded, and it was bounded on one side by a clear and energetic little stream flowing from a spring on a nearby hillside. Birds of many varieties sang in the overhanging branches, and squirrels chatted as they spiraled around the tree trunks. One day (in the mating season, I presume) I even saw two small turtles lumbering across the pine needles in a slow-motion parody on the romantic pursuit. In short, the place seemed to have much to offer in the way of the bucolic and idyllic.

My initial assumption about a house—one, I have discovered, not entirely shared by contemporary architects—was that it made a distinct definition of indoors as opposed to outdoors, that it shut the inside in and the outside out, except on those occasions when by sufferance of the tenant the outside was allowed a controlled function in promoting his convenience in matters of ventilation and lighting, and in providing a bit of natural scenery now and then to supplement the etchings and the wallpaper. I had only to become an occupant of my “shelter” to discover that nature, regardless of what architectural faith one may profess, is perversely not subject to control or definition, that trees with all their outward show of benevolence can be first-class pains in the neck, that the gentle rain falling from heaven can have something less than a quality of mercy, and that the dear little creatures of the woods so cunningly depicted by illustrators of childrens’ books are often sinister enemies of man’s peace and comfort.

I shall not concern myself here with such a universal minor nuisance as that of woodpeckers stupidly beating an early morning tattoo on the tin gutters. Nor shall I linger over the equally common and by no means unexpected invasion of my privacy early in the game by a mouse that, before it was handily caught, did no more serious damage than decorating two candles with a delightfully intricate pattern of teeth marks and consuming, with inexplicable gout, the fringe of a none too decorative pillow.

The first really shocking suggestion that I might not be allowed to live alone and like it came one summer afternoon after I had bidden goodbye to two friends who had dropped in for a brief visit and who had had with me one sedate round of a long cool drink on my terrace the size of a cocktail napkin. On a routine check of my plumbing facilities, I was not a little astounded to find a scattering of black spots on the pristine white cover of what the British, without false modesty, call the w. c. Instinctively, I examined the open window to see whether

soot could have blown in; but I quickly realized that there could be no soot in mid-summer in an all but primeval forest. I next looked upward to the ceiling for any possible crack in the plaster. There was none.

When I looked down again, I was further astonished to see on the porcelain neck between the cover and the tank what looked like a sizeable piece of electric cable. The whole situation made absolutely no sense at all, and I began to wonder whether the long cool drink had been as mild as I had had every intention of making it.

Without further argument with myself, I reached down to remove the cable. I had no sooner grasped it than I discovered that I had picked up a snake about two and a half feet long.

Now it turned out to be merely a little black snake (*Zamenis constrictor*, as it is described in the books), perfectly harmless and capable, I am told, of being a valuable friend in consuming rodents and in keeping one’s premises free of venomous crawling things. (“Most snakes are not only harmless to man,” says the unabridged Webster, “but often useful.”) But at the time I had no inclination to identify my visitor or to accept a friendship so informally proffered. All that I could think in a moment of terror was that a snake is a snake; and I consequently dropped the creature as if it had been molten lead, jumping as I did so to the edge of the tub, where I stood swinging to the rod of the shower curtain until I could survey the situation with more equanimity.

I regret to say that the only way I could figure out to rid myself of this “friend to man” was to get a hoe and kill it. I promptly did so. And even when I found and sealed the loose plywood covering left by the plumbers in the linen closet for convenient access to the newly installed pipes and thus solved the mystery of the snake’s point of entry (and incidentally, of the tar spots on the w.c. cover), I was in no state of mind for enjoying the comforts of home in complete relaxation. For months I never opened the bathroom door without expecting to be greeted with a hiss or a rattle; and I nightly probed the fuzzy dust under my bed with pious zeal.

With the coming of winter my queasiness began to subside in the knowledge that hibernation is an established social custom among both the least and the most respectable of the ophidians; and sound sleep, unplagued by snake dreams of entirely un-Freudian significance, was again the rule under a roof that had not yet begun to leak.

I was not again frightened out of my wits until a cold night in January. About twelve thirty o’clock in the very midst of that sweet first sleep that comes after the book has fallen shut of its own weight and the bedside lamp has been extinguished by a gently groping hand, I was awakened by





A *Sciuropterus volucella* with jet motor.

what sounded like footsteps in my living room. My internal thermostat promptly shot downward and I froze.

"At last, a burglar," I thought, realizing for the first time that my boast to my friends about having no fear of living in comparative isolation had been an ill-founded one.

Perhaps I found some comfort in recognizing that my lack of any protective implement other than a dull kitchen knife in a drawer that I could not possibly reach was a blessing rather than a bane, and in remembering that the best course of action in any event was to pretend that I was sound asleep. So I lay perfectly still.

Clump-clump-clump continued the noise from the living room. For fully ten minutes the sound came at irregular and, what I eventually decided to be, singularly peculiar intervals for a two-footed marauder of efficient working habits. As my reasoning powers returned, I began to thaw. No halfway sensible burglar, I argued, would spend valuable time making a leisurely promenade of my living room where the only things of value were a few books that (unless, indeed, he were an exceptional burglar like John Shand in a famous play of Barrie) could have no meaning to him.

So I gathered the courage to get up and make an inspection of the room from which the disturbance was coming. I did so in full light and found nothing to indicate the presence of a living creature. Furthermore, there was the complete silence of a very cold night both inside and outside.

Of course, the only thing needed to bring about a continuation of the noise was my return to bed; and the only thing necessary to produce dead silence again was another hurried inspection of the living room. By the time I had rushed from my bed to the living room a half dozen times I was properly incensed and just as properly determined to find the source of the annoyance. A long vigil established in pitch-black and reasonably cold darkness eventually established the fact that the noise was coming

from the mechanical draft in the grate, now securely closed because it had not recently been in use.

A squirrel, I surmised. It had ventured down the chimney and because of the closed draft it was thrashing about in an appropriate cul-de-sac. Well, it could find its own way out!

I assumed that if I opened from the mechanical draft and at the same time left the door to the terrace ajar, propping the screen door open to assure adequate egress, the native intelligence of any animal would enable it to make a comfortable escape.

For over an hour the avenue of escape was as wide open and as plainly marked as I could make it. Convinced that the squirrel had returned to its own nest, I finally got up and closed the door. After all, I did not want to have icicles all over the house the next morning. But no sooner had I settled down to sleep again than a series of metallic sounds assured me that the animal was going to have his fun in the chimney for the rest of the night. "O.K., let him!" I muttered, pulling the covers over my head in a grim effort to get a little sleep before dawn.

When I left groggily for work the next morning, everything was peaceful in the chimney. Having kept me awake for most of the night, the squirrel was luxuriating in contented slumber. Though I did not place on the hearth a dainty breakfast tray of acorns and assorted nuts for my guest, I did leave the draft open, thus giving him free access to my quarters.

Upon my return home from the office in the late afternoon, I immediately looked for a sign of my visitor. There was none. By this time I was more than ever determined to get some action; so I bent a coat hanger and began a probing operation in the chimney above the louvers of the draft—with absolutely no results.

Now I began to fear for the life of the squirrel, not because I had the least love or affection for the beast but because I did not relish the idea of having a decomposing corpse lodged in my chimney in such a way that only a team of brick masons could remove it. In frustration and indignation I dressed and went out for an evening appointment.

At ten-thirty or thereabouts I returned home. As I walked through the kitchen on my way from the garage to my bedroom, I discovered a pool of water on the floor. An oversize vase on the breakfast table had been upset and a general mess had been made with the flowers and the water. My guest had finally grown thirsty and had come out for a drink. He had accomplished his purpose the hard way—especially for me; and he had achieved a reasonable facsimile of the spillway at Grand Coulee in the process.

Before I could do anything else, I had to rush around with mops and towels in an effort to prevent permanent damage to the table and to the floor.

My swabbing of the deck having been accomplished, I was free to search for my little friend. Obviously, he was not now in the kitchen. Neither was he in the living room, as a thorough search seemed to indicate. But in my bedroom I had no sooner turned on the light than I saw a pair of eyes glistening brightly from a small brown mass in the corner.

*(Continued on Page 16)*



By Iola Pritchard  
Food Conservation and Marketing Specialist  
North Carolina State University

# Home Canned



# Goodness

*The Carolina  
Homemaker*  
Edited by Betty Twiggs

"Take care of your food now and it will help take care of you later," is an excellent slogan to remember when you are conserving food for future use. Foods that have been properly selected, canned and stored have essentially the same food value as fresh ones.

Contrary to what some may think, there is a lot of canning done at home. Some homemakers do it as a hobby, but the majority of home canning is still done to help provide good, wholesome and economical food for the family. Proper canning methods also insure the kind of finished product sure to produce that ill-concealed flush of pride when the homemaker displays or serves her own conserved food laden with home canned goodness.

We rely very heavily on fruits and vegetables for two important vitamins, A and C. In fact, about 90 per cent of the ascorbic acid we consume is supplied by fruits and vegetables. Thus, in this time of the year when many people are planting gardens in anticipation of summer plentiful, additional plantings can keep the family in good supply through the winter months. Canning is fun and creative and most important it does help stretch that food dollar.

To preserve nutritive value, texture, color, flavor and insure safety, it should be remembered that there are only three temperatures used in the home to can food. Everything we can is processed at one of these temperatures and there is only ONE right temperature for each food.

Take care of your food when it is conserved and it will take care of you later. Those around your table merit the margins of safety mentioned on the next page and the end product will always speak for itself.

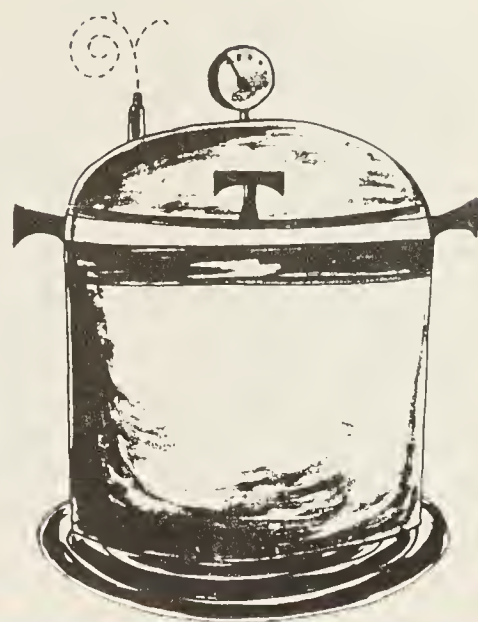
Your county home economics agent will be happy to help you with any of your canning questions. She works in your local County Extension Office which is in your county seat. Canning bulletins and specific information on conserving food are available through your local County Extension Office, free of charge, for the asking.

For the health and safety of your family, ask your home economics agent for the bulletins on canning and preserving food.



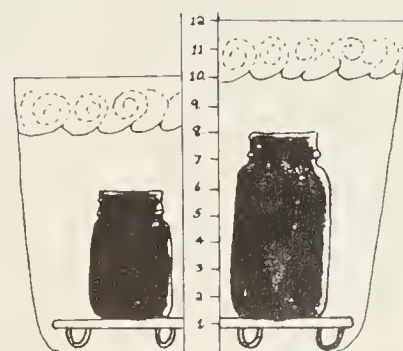
## PRESSURE CANNER - meats and all vegetables except tomatoes.

240° F. is used for all low acid foods, which includes meats and all vegetables except tomatoes. Because of their low acidity, this group of foods is susceptible to a very dangerous type of bacterium, and for this reason it is necessary to give them special attention to be sure they are perfectly safe to eat. It takes a higher temperature than boiling to kill the organisms that might be present in the food. No matter how rapidly water boils in any regular pot or pan, the temperature still doesn't rise above 212° F. The higher, safe temperature (240° F.) can only be achieved under pressure. *Safe canning can only be done by heat processing. There are no shortcuts in canning that are safe to use, neither are there additives of any kind to use in the home that will make them safe.* Proper canning procedures—in this case pressure—is the margin of safety.



## BOILING WATER BATH - all fruits and tomatoes.

The boiling water bath reaches 212° F. All fruits and tomatoes can be safely processed in the boiling water bath. Because of their acidity, we do not have to worry about the possibility of the presence of the dangerous type of food spoilage that can occur in the low acid foods mentioned above. There are other less dangerous types of organisms, capable of causing spoilage, that may be present if the acid foods are not canned properly. Again, proper procedure is the margin of safety for these foods as well as all others, and the boiling water method is the correct one for these foods.



## SIMMERING - pickles, relishes, preserves, jams

A 180-200° F. temperature is used primarily for the "accessory" food group which includes pickles, relishes, preserves, jams and other similar foods. These foods are packed hot in hot sterilized jars BEFORE processing or simmering. The jars of food remain in the hot water bath ten minutes. The purpose of this procedure is to sterilize that part of the jar or headspace left above the food and to expel the air that fills this space. If the jars are properly sterilized and HOT before the HOT food is placed in them, the processing itself will result in an air tight seal. An air tight seal means that the preserves, jams, etc. can never mold unless the seal is broken.





# Consumer News

By Thomas J. Bolch

**"FREE" SEWING MACHINES.** Thousands of North Carolina citizens have received letters similar to the following:

"We are pleased to inform you that you have been selected as a winner in our lucky license tag contest (or in our drawing). You have been chosen to receive a new sewing machine. We are doing this to advertise our store. We feel that if we get a few of these items distributed throughout the community we will benefit from word-of-mouth advertising.

"Of course, this method of advertising costs us money, and we expect each winner to help us bear part of the cost. In order to obtain your free sewing machine, you must purchase a cabinet to put it in."

Investigations by Attorney General Robert Morgan's Consumer Protection Division have determined that the amount of money you are required to spend for the cabinet to put your "free" sewing machine in was far more than you would have to pay if you bought the machine and cabinet from a reputable dealer, even more than if you financed it through a "revolving" charge account.

**BEWARE OF THE "HOME IMPROVEMENT" RACKET.** Hundreds of persons living in rural areas of North Carolina have been cheated out of hundreds of thousands of dollars by confidence men posing as government sanitary inspectors.

**OTHERS TO WATCH FOR.** Lightning rod salesmen or repairmen, roof painters, gutter repairmen. A band of "gypsy" repairmen customarily go through North Carolina during the Spring and Summer promising wonderful things for your home and delivering practically nothing for your money.

The Attorney General's Consumer Protection Division bases much of its work on information supplied by people like you. If you have been the victim of fraud or deception, please write to the Division. Address your letter to: Mr. Eugene Hafer, Assistant Attorney General, Consumer Protection Division, P.O. Box 629, Raleigh, N.C. 27602.

## Fashion FAVORITES



4720

SIZES 34-48



9415  
8-18



4858  
SIZES 8-16



9469  
SIZES 10½-20½

Pattern No. 9415 is cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14, 16 and 18.

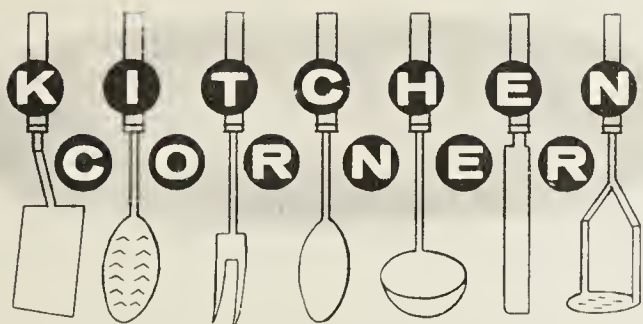
Pattern No. 4720 is cut in sizes 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 48.

Pattern No. 9469 is cut in sizes 10½, 12½, 14½, 16½, 18½ and 20½.

Pattern No. 4858 is cut in sizes 8, 10, 12, 14 and 16.

Send 75 cents in coin (no stamps) for each pattern to:  
CAROLINA COUNTRY, Box 42, Old Chelsea Station, New  
York, N.Y. 10011. For first class mail, add 15 cents for  
each pattern.





## INSIDE-OUT CHICKENWICH DELIGHT

Our recipe winner this month is an eleven-year-old boy, Zane Parnell, and this is not the first cooking award he has won. On April 6 this year, his recipe placed second in the Junior Division, N.C. Chicken Cooking Contest, held in Raleigh.

Zane writes that he likes to cook and he is a member of 4-H. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Larry Parnell, are served by Davidson EMC.

We hope you will try Zane's original chicken recipe. He says he thinks it tastes a little like a barbecue sandwich.

If you have a favorite recipe you'd like to share through this column, send it to: Betty Twiggs, Kitchen Corner, P.O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N.C. Tell us something about yourself and family and give us the name of your electric membership corporation. We pay \$2 for the recipe chosen monthly for this column.

### CAROLINA COUNTRY RECIPE

Submitted by Zane Parnell, Rt. 2, Box 342, High Point, N.C. 27260

#### INSIDE-OUT CHICKENWICH DELIGHT

4 broiler-fryer breasts, boned and pounded thin  
 ½ cup flour  
 1 teaspoon salt  
 1 teaspoon pepper  
 ½ cup Mazola oil  
 4 thin slices of bread  
 ¼ cup minced onion  
 1 tablespoon Mazola margarine  
 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce  
 4 very thin slices mellow cheese

Bone breasts and pound thin and flat. Combine flour, salt and pepper and sprinkle over chicken. In skillet, fry quickly in hot Mazola oil. Remove to platter, halve each breast and keep warm. Trim sides from bread slices. Brown onion in margarine in saucepan, add worcestershire sauce and spread very small equal amounts on each of 4 flat breasts. Top cheese and a bread slice, then remaining chicken halves. Serves 4. Use sharp knife to cut into bite-size pieces.

## Free Patterns



Tennis Sweater

This sleeveless tennis sweater is perfect on any court. The cable stitched ribs line up to form a textured pattern.



Cable Sweater

Basic stockinette stitch and easy-to-work cable makes this classic cable cardigan an ideal project for beginners.



Polo Shirt

A definite man pleaser is this knitted ribbed polo shirt. The Polo features rolled collar with a three button trim.



Knit Shirt

Add to your wardrobe with special fashion know-how by joining 4 panels of baby cables to form knitted skirt.

To:

The Carolina Homemaker  
 P. O. Box 1699  
 Raleigh, N. C. 27602

This pattern offer expires  
 August 15, 1971.

Please send me the pattern instructions I have checked below. I am enclosing a long, stamped, self-addressed envelope bearing an 8-cent stamp. (Two such envelopes are required for more than 4 patterns.)

☐ Tennis Sweater

☐ Polo Shirt

☐ Cable Sweater

☐ Knit Shirt

My name is: \_\_\_\_\_

Address: \_\_\_\_\_

Comment; if any: \_\_\_\_\_

The name of my EMC is: \_\_\_\_\_





(Continued from Page 11)

A baby squirrel, I guessed at first. Poor little fellow, this will be easy, I thought.

"Now, my young man," I said audibly. "If you will not think me inhospitable, I'd like you to terminate your visit and run right back to your mamma and papa. They're probably wondering where the hell you are anyway."

The little squirrel cocked his head to one side with an air of pert incomprehension of my brashly patronizing speech. Then the pertness gave way to action. With a twitch of his body and tail, he was up the curtain of a nearby window in less than a flash. From the top of the cornice he sized up the situation quickly and then came at me in a totally unexpected dive-bombing attack.

He was not a baby squirrel after all, but a full-grown flying squirrel (*Sciuropterus volucella*) equipped with a jet motor aft!

I got out of the way as quickly as I could. In a moment, he had sped across the room, had flashed up another curtain, and had launched another attack at me.

Thoroughly taken aback by the ferocity of the little animal, I sought wildly for some kind of defensive weapon. In a hall closet I found a broom—a field piece, I later discovered, that can be disastrously clumsy when manipulated in a limited area.

Armed with the broom, I chased the squirrel back into the living room, and a duel of epic proportions began. It was not Achilles and Hector or Aeneas and Turnus, though the length and ferocity of the battle bore some similarity to that of the latter two. Perhaps it was more like David and Goliath—a jet-propelled David and a Goliath with a broom.

Under a sofa my antagonist would skitter, pausing long enough to get me within range, then whizzing at me at ankle length. Or up the curtain he would go for a dive-bombing attack. Up and down the room we went, Goliath flailing the broom with telling effect on nothing except the lamps and the furniture. With one mighty swish of the broom a lamp topped over; with another, a vase; and a blow aimed at young David zooming up a curtain knocked off a wooden cornice which fell with a terrible clatter across a delicate antique tilt-top table, neatly shearing off an edge.

Early in the contest I had opened the door to the terrace and had propped the screen back. I had wanted to give my opponent every chance to leave the combat honorably. But I had apparently not reckoned with the honor of the tribe of flying squirrels. At no time did this one show any evidence of desiring to give up the fray short of complete annihilation of the enemy.

About one o'clock, however, the squirrel decided upon new strategy; so he sped to the fireplace, scrambled over neatly stacked firewood and pinecones, and disappeared into the chimney. By this time I was the next thing to a

raging maniac and my living room was a shambles. But I welcomed respite.

Worn and weak I sank into a chair to think. As I sat, I devised a diabolic scheme that I hoped might win the battle. Congratulating myself on my cleverness, I rounded up a little dead-fall rat trap, baited it with the meat of one of the left-over Christmas pecans, and put the infernal machine on the hearth. Having done so, I turned off the lights and went to my room, where I partially undressed and lay down on the bed.

For an exasperatingly long time nothing happened. Then bang! the trap went off. Into the living room I rushed and switched on the lights. The trap had been sprung and the nut meat was gone, but no squirrel was in sight. Not to be outdone I repeated the experiment; once, twice, three times. On the fourth baiting I was successful. When I dashed into the room, there was my little friend out cold, his head firmly clamped down by the wire arm of the trap, his legs stretched, and his furry web exposed.

"You look adequately immobilized," I said, "but I'm not taking any chances on your still being able to scratch and claw. You'll stay right where you are until morning."

Back to bed I went in triumph. But as I reached up to turn off the light that had almost been rendered unnecessary by the first dawn, a sudden wave of conscience swept over me.

"The creature may be suffering," I thought. "Maybe I ought either to have set him free outside or to have put him completely out of pain with a quick hammer-blow on the head." And a vision of my friend, Anita Van Fleet, the smart, crusading president of the local S.P.C.A. rose up to accuse me. Anita had had the sheriff on people for less.

"Oh, damn!" I said, jerking the light cord with callous finality.

The sleep of the unjust was descending like delightful, tepid waves of mist when a clatter, clatter, clatter came once again from the living room. Clatter, clatter, clatter. The beast was plainly walking away with the trap!

Dead tired and half asleep, I made a final trip to the living room; and with absolutely no feeling for the sensibilities of animal life, I grabbed the battered broom and swept the squirrel, trap and all, out the door. Wrapped in a steamer rug, I spent what was left of the traditional sleeping hours on the divan, now athwart the cluttered living room floor. I did not realize where I was until I became conscious of the ringing of an alarm clock somewhere in the detestable distance.

My first vicious urge was to view the frozen corpse of my late visitor so justly assigned, trap attached, to a frigid fate on the terrace. When I opened the door, the trap was there all right, but the squirrel was not. Looking up quickly, I saw the saucy flash of a brown tail among the bluish gray limbs of a bare, icy tree.

On my way to work, only the strongest resolution kept me from marching into a newspaper office and irritably planking down a dollar or some such amount for a brief ad to be inserted the next day in a column headed "For Sale—Real Estate."

*(Dr. Hartley, long-time head of the English Department at N. C. State University, is a nationally-known author and critic, who, less his humor he taken too seriously, does not dislike animals.)*





An overflowing septic tank, result of poor soil site selection, spoils this front yard.

# Don't Buy a Homesite Until You Know the Soil Is Right

By Tom Byrd

The Smith family moved into their new brick home outside of High Point three years ago. Today, the walls are cracked, and the Smiths face a major repair bill.

The reason? The Smith's unknowingly built their home on a type of clay that swells when it is wet and shrinks when it is dry. Walls, carport slabs and concrete driveways crack under the pressure.

The Browns selected a rural site in fast growing Cumberland County for their new home. Today, the septic tank is overflowing in the front yard, and a stench greets the Browns each time they turn into the driveway.

The reason? A "hardpan" is located about 18 inches beneath the soil surface, preventing good drainage. Sewage effluent backs up, especially in wet weather.

Although not real families, the

Smiths and Browns are typical of thousands of Tar Heel families, according to Louis Aull, an extension specialist on the non-farm use of land at North Carolina State University.

Aull said families are losing large amounts of money and suffering many inconveniences because they are selecting poor homesites.

"You don't have to build your home on the proverbial rock," Aull said. "But you should select a site with care, especially if you plan to install a septic tank."

"My first suggestion is to find out what type soil you have," he continued. "North Carolina has about 250 different soil types. Most of them such as Norfolk, pose no problem. But a type such as Coxville can be risky."

The local office of the Soil Conservation Service or the Agricultural Extension Service has information on soils available. Some counties have complete soil surveys. Limited information is available in all counties.

If the soil type information indicates that a building problem is possible, a more complete analysis of the soil is recommended. Engineering firms, for example, can run a percolation test to determine if the soil is suitable for a septic tank.

The four most common soil hazards in building a house are:

1. Soils with low bearing strength. Such soils will compress or settle, even under light loads. The results can be cracked walls, and warped and twisted windows and doors.
2. Soils with a high content of clay. Such soil will shrink away from the foundation when it is dry and build up tremendous pressure when it is wet. Damage is worst when seasons of prolonged drought are followed by wet seasons.
3. Soils with high organic matter. Such soils are often found where vegetation has been cleared for homesites, piled into low areas, and covered over. As the vegetation rots, the surface and buildings drop.
4. Soils that slip or slide. These soils are most likely found where homes are built on steep hillsides. The results can be mud slides and flood damage.

Aull listed the three most common soil-related reasons for sewage system failures as:

1. Soils with a lack of pores necessary for the movement of sewage. These "tight" soils cause the sewage to build up and to come to top, creating both odor and sanitation problems.
2. Soils with a high water table or "pan." Sewage may seep to the surface or move laterally to nearby drainage ditches, creating a sanitation problem.
3. Soils that are too steep. When soils have more than a 10 percent slope, it is difficult to install and maintain a sewage system. A small section of the disposal field will usually remain saturated with waste from this area moving to the surface.

Aull offered a special word of caution to families who are looking for a building site in rural areas.

"We might paraphrase an old statement by saying that when you go to the country act like a farmer. If you see a tract of land that a farmer has never used for anything, examine it closely. There may be a good reason why the farmer hasn't used it."



# "Should Unmarried High School Teachers Be Allowed to Date Their Students?"

"Why not? There are students and teachers at our school that date and some of them make nice couples. I think as long as a teacher keeps his love-life out of class, it is his business who he dates and not the school's. If teachers and students are allowed to date there wouldn't be as much talk as there would be if they dated secretly and were discovered. As long as a teacher and student want to date and the parents approve, why say no?"

Carolyn Young  
Rt. 1, Box 274  
Swansboro, N.C. 28584

*Carolyn is 16 years old and attends Swansboro High School. She enjoys water skiing and swimming. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Nathan J. Young, are served by Carteret-Craven Electric Membership Corporation.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"Yes, I think dating should be allowed as long as the couples do not let their personal lives interfere with teaching and studying at school. By this I mean, that the teacher and student should act and respect each other as they should in school. This does not mean that you act as if you did not know each other, but that you should respect each other as a teacher and student even though you dated each other."

Mike Thaxton  
Rt. 6, Box 149-H  
Burlington

*Mike is 16 years old and attends Southern High School. His hobbies are horseback riding, hunting and sports. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. Howard Thaxton, are served by Randolph Electric Membership Corporation.*

"I think unmarried high school teachers should be allowed to date their students, as long as they keep their relationship away from school. We had a young, unmarried teacher come to our school straight from college and started dating a senior girl. They kept their relationship away from school, and now are very happily married. He is still teaching at our school. There still might be some drawbacks in this if the unmarried teacher and the student let their relationship drift into their school life."

Gerald Barnes  
Rt. 2, Box 299  
Thomasville

*Gerald is 17 years old and a junior at Central Davidson High School. Gerald loves sports and likes to read. His parents, Rev. and Mrs. D. E. Barnes, are served by Davidson Electric Membership Corporation.*

\* \* \* \* \*

"A teacher's place in a school is to teach, not to impress and make dates. A young unmarried teacher should be a firm teacher because some students may try to take advantage of him. I think an unmarried teacher should not be allowed to date his students. When the gossip gets around, many students will have a bad impression of the teacher and begin to kid around with the teacher and be disrespectful."

Avis Keith  
Rt. 1, Box 82  
Currie

*Avis is 16 years old and a sophomore at Atkinson High School. Her hobbies are reading and dancing. Her parents Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Keith, are served by the Four County Electric Membership Corporation.*



## NEXT QUESTION

"Should students be allowed to have a part time job while they are still in school?"

This question was submitted by Marilyn Grooms, who will be receiving \$5 from CAROLINA COUNTRY. Marilyn is a junior at Hamlet High School. Her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Tillman Grooms, are served by Pee Dee Electric Membership Corporation.

If you have a good answer, send it to THE TEEN ROUNDTABLE, Carolina Country, P. O. Box 1699, Raleigh, N. C., at once. Tell us a few facts about yourself—your age, school, hobbies, etc. Include your parents' name, and the name of the electric membership corporation serving you. If your answer is published, we will send you \$5.

If you want to submit a question, send it along for our statewide panel to answer. For each question used, the sender will get a \$5 check. Jot yours down and send it to us right away.



# The Eggs and the Antique Vase

One dozen, two dozen, three dozen, four—in my imagination I can still hear my mother counting eggs, and can still see the box of meal bran, which she sifted out of the good home-made meal that was made by Mr. Taylor, the miller. She used this bran to pack the eggs in to keep them from getting broken on the way to the store and the jolting of the school bus.

If you should ask some children what a dozen eggs meant to them they would probably say, "a good breakfast with bacon, a good poundcake, rich pies or an Easter egg hunt," but to me and the other children in our family, it meant the difference of having little luxuries we desired and doing without.

We were a large family and farmed for a living, and money had to go for important things and things that benefited the whole family. Dad and Mother were always fair, showed no partiality and treated each child like. If one of us set our heart on something reasonable we usually got it, but we had to do our part to earn it.

Instead of dolls when I was small, my passion and desire was for pretty pictures and vases. On one of my visits to Mrs. Mary Lynn's country store with Dad, I discovered two beautiful vases on a top shelf. I suppose she stored them there for safe keeping out of the way of eager little hands and unlucky moves. They haunted my sleep and nagged my thoughts during the day. I could just see them on the organ in the parlor. "all mine!!"

I told Mother about them, described in detail all their rosy beauty, printed flowers on the sides and their size. Mother let me

bring the subject up several times without showing any interest apparently, but she was wise in letting time help determine if I really wanted the articles, or if it was just a passing fancy. Finally she saw that I was really in earnest.

One morning as I prepared for school, she walked in with the packed box of eggs and a permit for the teacher. She said, "Honey, take these eggs with you to school and at lunch time give this permit to the teacher, go on to the store and trade these eggs for your vases. Tell Mrs. Mary Lynn they are good fresh eggs."

She was making it a little hard for me, because the other school children would want to know what was in the box, and probably laugh if they found out. Then the Model A School Bus was awfully rough when it hit a bump, and perhaps break the eggs except for the cushion of bran. Also, where would I store the box until lunch time?

"But, where there is a will, there is a way, and needless to say, I got my vases."

One of them, the prettiest, over the period of my single life survived seven younger brothers and sisters, and after I was married it has held a place of honor in our home and survived the hazards of a small boy and girl.

Just the other day this same little girl, my daughter now married, said, "Mom, when you are gone there is one thing in this home that I really want—the Antique Vase." Should I make her earn it too? Or, has she already paid the price in love and devotion to me?

*Leta C. O'Brien  
Elizabethtown*



Regarding the Consumer News feature by Tom Bolch, thank you for your interest in our work and for suggesting that this column be written. So many victims of unfair and deceptive practices live in rural areas, and I hope many of them will be able to avoid entrapment through the information you are providing.

**Robert Morgan**  
N.C. Atty. Gen.

Thank you for your kind notice of my little book, "The Plantation World Around Davidson," in the March issue.

**Charles G. Davidson**  
Davidson College

Carolina Country means so very much to me. I read every word of it.

**Mrs. F. A. Chandler**  
Flag Pond, Tenn.

We enjoy the magazine very much.

**Mrs. Don Davis**  
Charlotte

We enjoy the magazine very much.

**Mrs. Russell Olson**  
Rt. 2, Wake Forest

Enjoy Carolina Country. We look forward to it each month.

**Mrs. R. B. Timmons**  
Rt. 2, Matthews

We enjoy every article. Very informative.

**Mrs. C. M. Jones**  
Rt. 1, Scotland Neck

I am impressed with the magazine.

**Margaret E. Beard**  
Rt. 1, Elizabethtown

I love Carolina Country's new name.

**Mrs. Fred Athan**  
Rt. 5, Mocksville

I enjoy your paper very much.

**Julia Isaac**  
Rt. 10, Lenoir

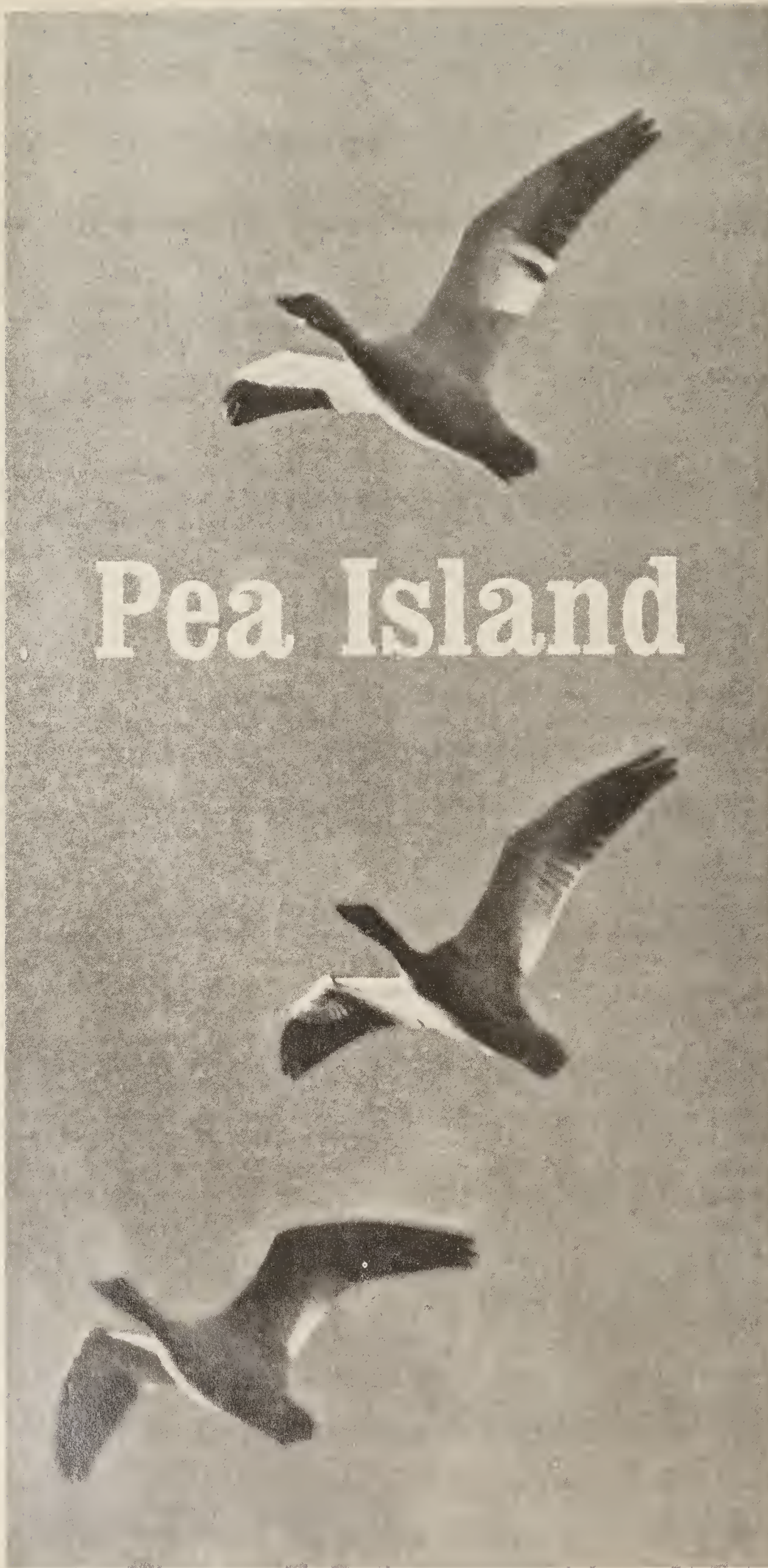
I enjoy reading Carolina Country. I like the patterns and recipes.

**Mrs. B. D. Hutchinson**  
Rt. 1, Polkton

I enjoy the Carolina Country very much. It's very interesting.

**Mrs. Gordon Young**  
Rt. 4, Bakersville





# Pea Island

PEA ISLAND NATIONAL WILDLIFE REFUGE — This place is for the birds.

As a matter of fact some 275 species find it a great area to feather down.

The refuge is located on North Carolina's famed Outer Banks within the Cape Hatteras National Seashore.

You'll find such residents as the Pied-billed Grebe, Great Blue Heron, and Surf Scoter. And in the next marsh may be a Mallard, Bufflehead, or Canada Goose.

But the bird with the banner billing is the Greater Snow Goose. It was for this bird that the refuge was primarily established. Last year an estimated 11,000 snows called Pea Island home for the winter. An estimated 5,000 Canada geese and 16,000 ducks also wintered here.

Pea Island National Wildlife Refuge, located south of Nags Head, is bounded on one side by Pamlico Sound and on the other by the open Atlantic. The refuge, established in 1938, extends for 13 miles south from Oregon Inlet almost to the town of Rodanthe. The U.S. Department of the Interior's Bureau of Sport Fisheries and Wildlife is charged with administration of the refuge. Work is constantly being done to improve the refuge.

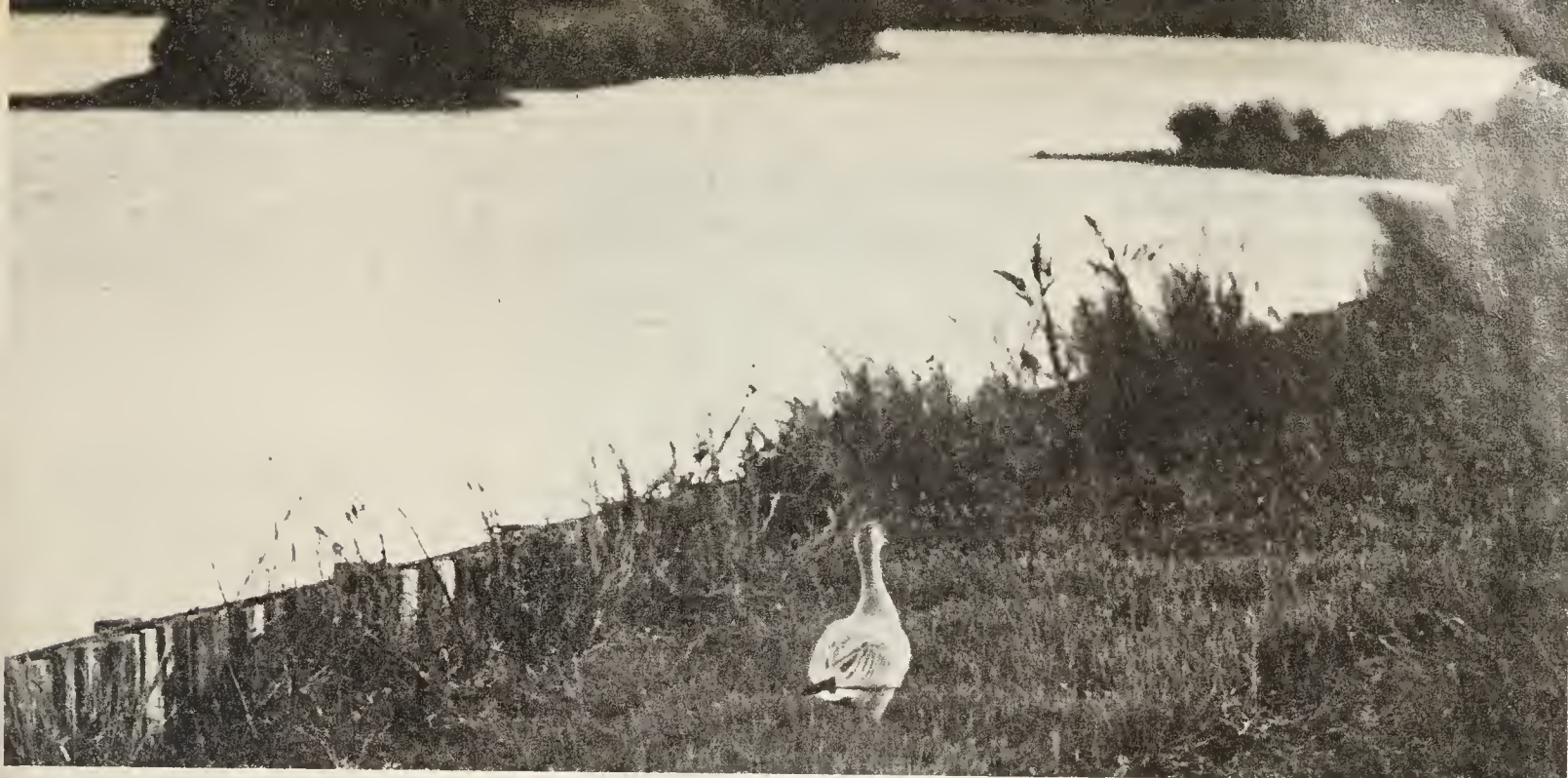
"Bird watching" at Pea Island is a winged adventure. The snows provide much of that experience. White and somewhat larger than a duck, the snows have "wings and a mind of their own." Predicting where they will feed from one day to the next can become quite a guessing game.

Monday, they may be right along the highway. Tuesday, they could be feeding in the dunes on the ocean side. Wednesday, who knows? But that is part of the fun of watching the snows.

Driving south, about two miles below the Oregon Inlet bridge, the first of two fresh-water pools will be seen on the right. Low observation platforms have been constructed at the southeast corner of the first pool permitting views of the ocean as well as wildlife in the pool. The ocean platform also provides a view of an old shipwreck in the surf.

There's a 3½ mile nature trail around the north pool. It's an ambitious walk, but well rewarding for the bird watcher and nature-lover. A





types of waterfowl, of course, are there for the viewing. But it's the sudden sighting of a Barn Owl skimming along the ground or a Muskrat scurrying for watery cover that adds enthusiasm to the walk. A check with the refuge field headquarters will provide information regarding the nature trail.

Wildlife photography is encouraged and photographers, both amateur and professionals, find the subjects to their liking.

One interesting observation of the snow geese is their feeding habits. They use so much energy in seeking the tough-rooted saltmarsh cordgrass that their feeding ground is literally uprooted. It appears that someone

with a rake has given the area a good working over.

Often as not one's auto offers an excellent "blind" to view the snows and other birds of Pea Island. The snow geese at times appear quite tame. Sometimes they don't even fly, preferring to just waddle to what they consider "safe" range from human observers.

When the snow and Canada geese, along with their other waterfowl friends, decide it's time to head north, it doesn't leave an empty Pea Island.

Far from it.

Hérons are increasing as summer residents. Glossy Ibises, Snowy and Common Egrets, Great Blue, Green, Louisiana and Little Blue Herons may

be seen on a drive through the refuge. Early in the morning at dusk the Least and American Bitterns begin feeding around the edges of the marsh, as do the many herons. Pea Island is considered to be one of the finest places on the coast to observe the seasonal migration of shorebirds. Black Ducks, Gadwall, and an occasional Mallard or Blue-Wing Teal are birds seen in summer.

Pea Island is a bird watcher's heaven. Its very existence is for the birds. So much so that occasionally you'll see a winter bird around in summer.

Now, that proves it.  
Just look!

*Bruce Phillips*





# HALE!

## Description Fits

Sitting in a dentist's reception room were a mother and child. A patient in his early 20s left the office and walked through the lobby. He was dressed in sandals and tunic, draped in beads, and adorned with shoulder-length locks. As he left, the youngster turned to his mother and asked: "Was that the tooth fairy?"

## Pet Market

It was a neighborhood where the activities of the stock market are discussed regularly. One day Tom rushed into his house all excited. "Mother," he exclaimed, "Mother, I've got to have five dollars to buy one of Bobby Allen's puppies."

Tom's mother knew the coveted puppies had not yet arrived and said, "But Tommy, you can't buy one for weeks."

"Oh, that's all right," he answered. "Bobby's selling futures."

## No Deferments

A U.S. Senator, on an inspection tour of an Army training camp, put on Army fatigues and walked among the troops. This caused one GI to call out, "Hey, soldier, you look just like my senator."

"I am your senator," came the reply.

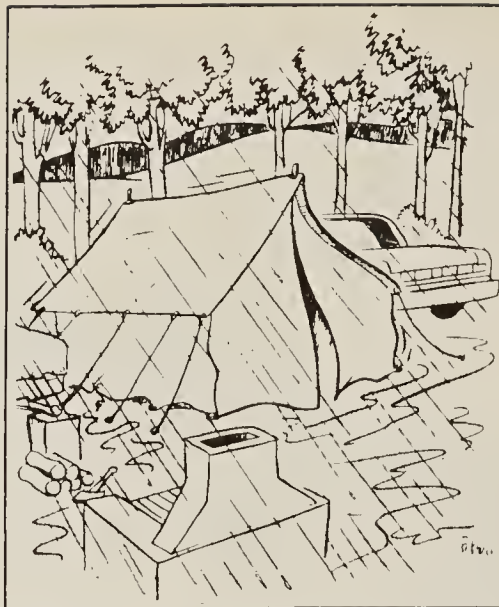
The GI shook his head in amazement. "Boy," he finally said, "you sure must have a tough draft board."

## Wrong Party, Right Caller

A woman telephoned a friend, "How are you dear?" she asked.

"Simply awful," came the reply. "My migraine headache is back, my feet are killing me, my back is almost breaking in two, the ironing is piled to the ceiling, the house is a mess, and the children are driving me out of my mind."

"Now, you listen to me," said the friend on the other end of the line. "You just go and lie down and rest. I'll be right over and cook lunch for you



"Now you know what I go through with six of them when it rains at home!"

and the kids, get your ironing done and wisk up the house a bit and watch the children while you rest. By the way, how is John?"

"John?" queried the complaining housewife.

"Yes, John," answered the caller. "John, your husband."

"My husband's name isn't John; it's Chester!" exclaimed the housewife.

"My gosh," gasped the caller. "I must have the wrong number."

There was a long, stunned silence on the line, "Then," asked the woman, "you're not coming over?"

## Current Problem

A housewife had trouble with a major electrical appliance and called a local electrician. He regretted he couldn't come to the house immediately but promised he would later in the day.

Then, to be on the safe side, she called one of the electricians's competitors. He told her the same thing: he would come out when he could. Again she said she'd wait.

A few hours later, much to her embarrassment, both electricians arrived at the same time. She met them at the door with a brave smile, determined to pass the matter off as wittily as possible.

"Shocking, aren't I?" she said brightly. "I suppose sparks will really be flying now."

"No," one of the electricians came back at her, "We get a big charge out of it—and, incidentally, so will you!"

## Non-Violence Policy

A small boy, on the verge of being spanked, asked his mother if she was spanked by her mother when she was a little girl.

Receiving an affirmative answer, he asked, "And did grandmother's grandmother spank her, too?"

Another nod.

"Gee," chirped the tot, "isn't it about time we stopped this chain of brutality?"



"Would somebody mind telling me who let Waldo in?"



# TREES – Our Greatest Allies

By Charlotte Hilton Green

*Trees for fruitage and fire and shade*

*Trees for the cunning builder's trade:*

*Wood for the bow, the spear, the flail,  
The keel and the mast of the daring sail:*

*He made them of every grain and girth,  
For the use of man in the Garden of Earth.*

*Bliss Carman*

Any time of year is a good time to begin "living with the trees," but the best time is *today*. A friendship with trees will make life richer and fuller, and add to understanding.

Trees! I look out upon the woodland that stretches from our backyards clear to Crabtree Creek—that creek that is under study now for its welfare—and indirectly, ours. Flooding to be taken care of and how fine if a public parkway trail along its banks, to become a hiker's delight, under a green canopy!

Trees! They are indeed our greatest ally. "Essential to life on our planet, they have much to do with the moderation of temperature, wind, noise and water, with protecting the soil from raindrop impact, stabilizing the water tables, lowering the peak flows." Trees are great water savers; during the course of a water cycle, a large amount of water is returned to the atmosphere through the pores on the undersides of leaves.

Probably far more important is the trees' role as oxygen producers. "The green leaves are actually small factories that utilize carbon dioxide, water and certain soil nutrients to make carbohydrates—and give off oxygen as a by-product."

Trees give us more than beauty, shade, foods, lumber, paper, synthetics, pulpwood, plastics, bark chips, maple syrup—even rubber—perhaps scores of things in all, for both mankind and birds and animals. They give us companionship.

To those who understand and love trees—all seasons display their charms. The bloom of spring, the green of summer, the glorious coloring of many hardwoods in autumn... And winter? Ah, winter! Then it is when hardwood trees stand revealed, sharing their intimate secrets with those who love them. Trees in winter are not bare of interest, or cold and dreary... then it is we fancy we see their human resemblance.

The dogwood is the "loveliest lady of the wood," lifting the delicate tracery of bare branches tipped with silvery pearls that hold the promise of next spring's white bloom. The beeches are the Quaker ladies of the forest, wearing sedately their smooth gray bark wrapped tightly about them. The sycamore is the white-haired dowager among the trees, still vain enough to lean over woodland pools and admire her reflection in the cool water beneath.

The locusts and redbuds are the gossips of the trees, their rusty pods keep up a faint murmuring, as though they

(Mrs. Green, Raleigh nature columnist, is the author of two books, "Trees of the South," and "Birds of the South").



What it means to live with trees

were whispering woodland secrets. The river birch is a ragged woodland gypsy, often perching precariously on the stream's edge and flapping impudently its silken tatters.

The American hornbeam is the rugged athlete of the trees, proudly displaying its muscles, which show more plainly in winter. So hard is this wood that throughout the ages it has been called ironwood. Many of the chariots of ancient Rome, which were used in the famous "chariot races" were made, it is thought, of the hard wood of hornbeams. And how the old oaks show strong, gnarled limbs and massive trunks bent from combat with many a wintry blast.

And to the southern woodland spring comes as a "fair young sybil, dancing in green and gold"—ready to

herald the April pomp. The white of wild plums, of shadbush, fringe-tree, silverbell—and the delicate colors of young leaves just unfolding.

Dogwood. Why haven't we done with our dogwood in the South, what the Japanese have with their cherry blossoms? The dogwood is equally beautiful, but we fail to make the most of it. In Japan the cherries are everywhere, as our dogwoods should be here. Years ago the Garden Clubs had a project, and planted thousands of dogwoods—but thousands more—ten thousand and more—should be everywhere. To the Japanese the cherry is "Sakura" symbol of happiness. *Why not make the dogwood our Sakura?*

So much trees do for us! In return, what are we doing to protect them? Our forests, in particular. Fires? Destructive forest fires, some caused by carelessness—a tossed cigarette, a fire left untended. And arson. Too many forest fires are deliberately set. Vandalism—and on the increase.

Let's consider forests and history. "Paleolithic man left only the faintest of blemishes on our good earth... probably accidentally set a few forest fires... Early Neolithic farmers and herdsmen, around 10,000 took to burning patches of the forest cover in the Middle East, cultivated the cleared land until the soil was exhausted, then moved on, to burn more trees. But the first settlers in the Neger of southern Israel learned to check erosion in their hills by throwing a series of terraced dams across slopes, each dam watering a tiny plot of farmland. After their land was conquered, it turned into desert, *never to be reclaimed until the present day*.

"Ever since the spread of civilization in China... around the Mediterranean... northward through Europe and across to the New World... it has brought denudation of the forests, too often resulting in erosion and gullying and lowering the ground water tables."

Is it too late? At the Court of Justice might not The TREE well ask, "*When will you cease to sacrifice me needlessly?*"



# COUNTRY DOCTOR MUSEUM



s neat old building, a composite of two houses which once served as office buildings for country doctors, now houses the Country Doctor Museum in Bailey.

*It's the only museum of its kind in the nation and its story, reprinted from THE STATE magazine, is told by the tireless, ageless storyteller who founded that magazine. Carl Goerch is both a walking library of information about our state and one of North Carolina's most colorful personalities.*

**A**long with the Model-T Ford, detachable collars and cuffs, cobblestone pavements and hellfire-and-brimstone sermons, the old country doctor, who used to be one of our most important citizens, has largely disappeared.

But there are some enterprising and appreciative people in and around the town of Bailey, Nash County, who decided they would use their efforts to see that his memory was kept alive. And so, about two years ago, they established The Country Doctor Museum, now located in an attractive residential section of Bailey. It is said to be the only medical museum of its kind in the nation.

They wanted to make the setting authentic, so they looked around to see if they couldn't find an old-timey doctor's office somewhere in that part of the state. They were successful in their search, locating one little office building near Rock Ridge and a second one near Stanhope. Both places are about eight miles from Bailey.

They succeeded in moving the offices to Bailey and made a composite structure out of them on a vacant lot donated for that purpose by Dr. Josephone Newell, one of the prime movers of the undertaking. Among the others who assisted were Dr. Gloria F. Graham, Dr. Josephine Melchior, Judge Naomi E. Morris, Mrs. Lynda Thomas and Robert F. Flippin.

Mrs. John L. McCain of Wilson scoured the country for exhibits to be placed in the museum. She was assisted by a number of volunteers. They brought in everything you could think of as having been located at one time in a country doctor's office—all kinds of apothecary jars, operating table, medicines that were popular many years ago, old light fixtures, a wall telephone from Sumter, S.C., one of the earliest phones to be installed in the Carolinas; scores of old books and many other items.

There are apothecary jars that date back to the 11th century and were brought here from Persia.

Sydney N. Blumberg of Newtown, Conn., was among those who were a big help in getting things started. He has made some generous contributions to the museum.

Stonewall Jackson, as you may recall, had to have one of his arms amputated. The job was done by Dr. Matthew

Moore Butler and Dr. Hunter McGuire. The implements used by these two gentlemen in performing the operation are on display in the museum.

The museum is open to visitors from 10 to 5 on Wednesdays and 2 to 5 on Sundays, but arrangements for guided tours during the week can be made by calling the Country Doctor Museum, Bailey, 235-5601.

People in the Bailey area are proud of the museum. In February, a Committee of 1,000 composed of people in Bailey and surrounding communities held a Country Doctor Museum Day, sold barbecue to the hundreds of visitors and raised over \$1,200 for the Museum. The Committee hopes to make Country Doctor Museum Day an annual event. There are plans to purchase the house next door, use it for the museum and then turn the present structure into what might be called fascimiles of old-timey doctors' offices.

Dr. Dave Tayloe, Dr. Josh Tayloe, Dr. Sam Nicholson and Dr. Plum Nicholson, all of Washington, N.C.; they were among the old-type family doctors in that part of the state. One of the best known was Dr. W. T. Griggs of Currituck County. Here's a little item that appeared in THE STATE 28 years ago:

"It was at Coinjock that we heard a beautiful tribute paid to Dr. W. T. Griggs, who is one of those old-timey family doctors who, for the most part, are fading out of the picture.

" 'There ain't never been a finer man that lived than Dr. Griggs,' an elderly woman remarked to me.

"Doc travels from morning until late at night and sometimes all night long. The folks have a unique system down in Currituck for letting him know his services are needed. In the daytime they display a towel out in the yard; at night they hang out a lantern. They know it won't be long before Doc will be driving by."

Undoubtedly there have been many other men of the same type as Dr. Griggs, and it is only fitting and proper that steps be taken to preserve the memory of their unselfish service to friends and neighbors.

That's the major purpose of The Country Doctor Museum.

*Carl Goerch*